

FORD TIMES

MARCH 1980



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March 1980, Vol. 73, No. 3

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The Ford Owner's Magazine

FORD

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BULLETIN Page 28

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54 Favorite Recipes From Famous Restaurants

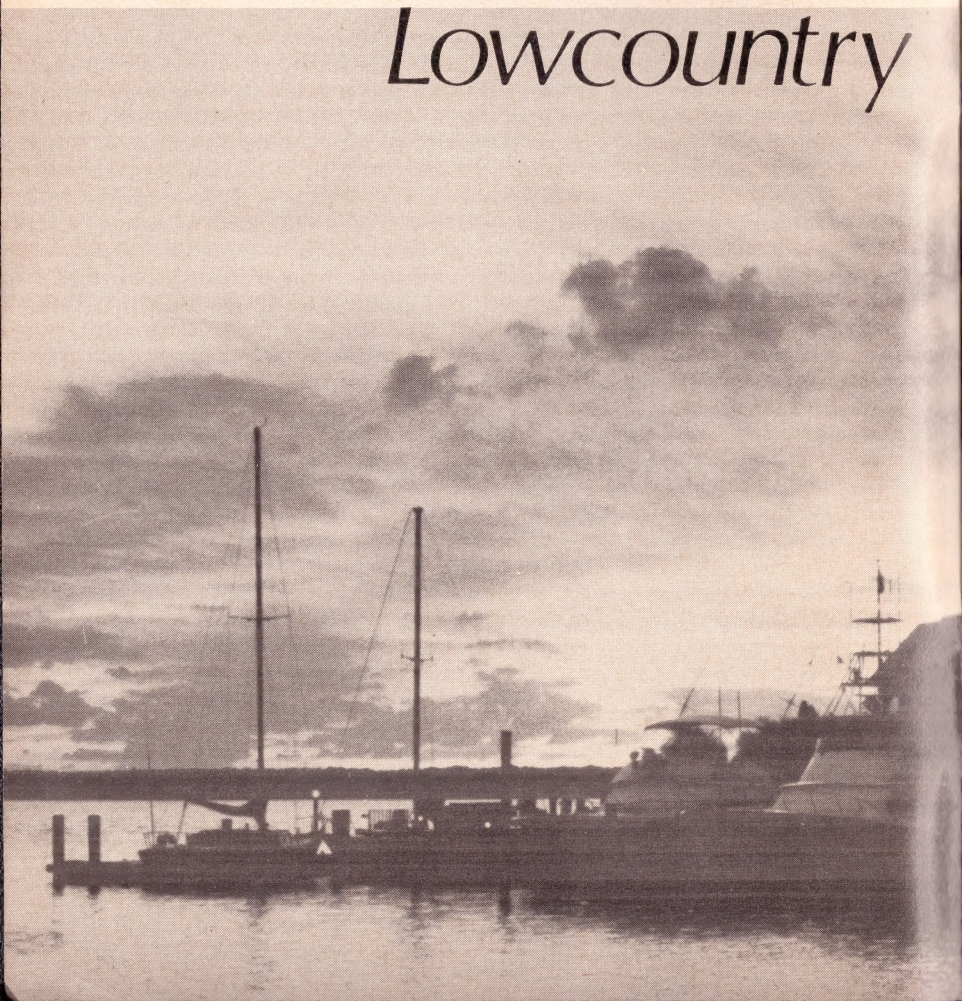
58 Letters

Cover: Hundreds of double-crested cormorants soon will be staging one of nature's greatest fishing sprees in places such as Nebraska's Lake McConaughy and Lewis and Clark Lake, and Florida's Cypress Garden lakes. The story begins on page 38. Illustration by Greta Elgaard.



*It takes slow motoring to savor the
almost-hidden beauties of the lower Atlantic Coast*

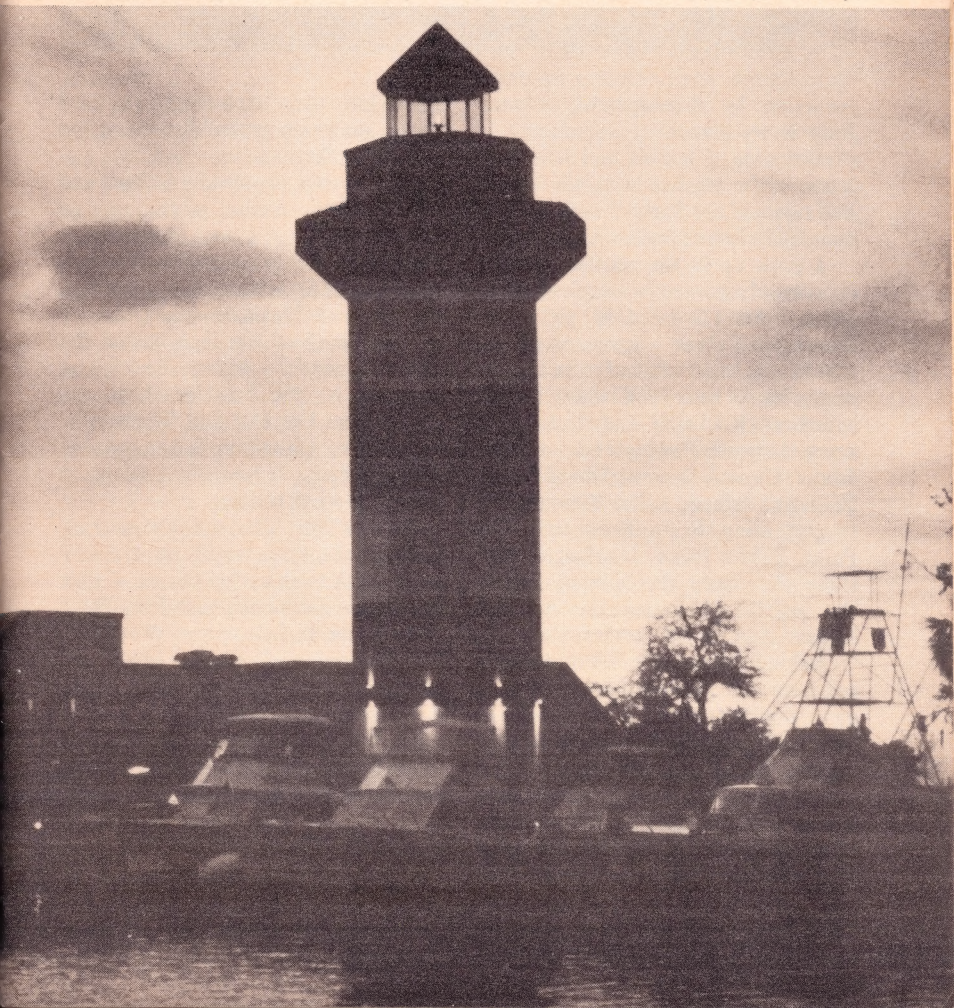
The Other Lowcountry



AS A CHILD I saw the islands the way the gaunt Spanish explorers and nefarious pirates must have seen them. When I was sliding in on the heavy Atlantic swell in my father's

frail boat, they appeared as dark buffers between sky and ocean, impenetrable barriers fronted by bright sand scimitars laced with bays and inlets. They were then and remain, despite

story and photos by Roy Attaway





incursion by development, wonderfully secret places.

But even if houses and hotels intrude in the treeline now, the islands and rivers of the South Carolina Low-country have lost none of their magic.

I grew up in the southern end of this densely matted subtropical archipelago, but I dated a girl from Georgetown and newspapered in Charleston and fished the clean, windy banks near McClellanville and sailed at Rockville and I came to know them all: Pawley's Island, Bulls Island, Capers, Dewees, Isle of Palms, Sullivan's Island, Folly, Kiawah, Edisto, Hunting, Fripp, Pritchards, Bay Point, Hilton Head, Daufuskie. And these were only the barrier islands, the guardians against the Atlantic surge.

Behind them were countless others, the sea islands, as they are anomalously called: thick stands of pine and palmetto, hardwood bays of cypress and laurel hung with moss and smilax, hot spring woods perfumed with jasmine, azaleas clinging to the cool shade of massive live oaks. And marshes so rich, so pungent, so

full of life — the beginning of the food chain, spawning ground for all marine life along the littoral.

Charleston, deservedly famous and worthy of the annual pilgrimages to its cobbled streets and magnificent gardens, is the epicenter. But it is only one facet of an area often bypassed by the pell-mell Florida-bound flood.

Just south of the highrises of the Grand Strand — Myrtle Beach and environs — the traveler skirts the edge of the Pee Dee and Waccamaw rivers. The transition is remarkable and prophetic: It foretells a quantum leap backward in time.

Except for Charleston's soaring bridges, the drive south on U.S. 17 harks back to an earlier notion — that one should not merely rush from Point A to Point B, but *motor*. Now that I-95 has siphoned off most of the migratory traffic, motoring on 17 again is pleasant and leisurely.

A first-time visitor's introduction to the fruits of rice and indigo culture begins at Georgetown. A block off U.S. 17 is the historic district bounded by Front, Church, St. James and Wood streets, an area of some 28

square blocks. In it are listed 41 homes and buildings of significance, most dating from the middle 18th century.

Notable among them are Prince George Winyah Episcopal Church (c. 1750), the Georgetown County Court House (c. 1824), the Rice Museum (c. 1835) and the antique-filled Harold Kaminski House (c. 1760), now a city museum.

The plantations that originally were the economic focus of the region are still there, of course, although few are self-supporting now. Lovingly maintained as monuments to a romantic past, many are open to the public during the annual Plantations and Town Houses Tours sponsored by Prince George Winyah Parish. Of the 17 buildings and dwellings on the tour, five are listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

Twenty-three miles south of Georgetown, as 17 strings out through long, lonely stretches of the Santee River Swamp and the Francis Marion National Forest, is McClellanville. Not a town — a hamlet, perhaps — McClellanville is, well, a *community*.

Nothing here to my knowledge is in the Register of Historic Places. There are no grand monuments, only gnarled old oaks, houses of pine and cypress lifting their porches to catch the summer breeze, and dogs trotting down dusty lanes. Yet it is a place to savor a special kind of Lowcountry ambience. Sometimes in the heavy blue shade of an oak I think I glimpse the ghost of Patience Pennington, the

Woman Rice Planter. It's difficult to describe — a sense of time and distance, the kind you get when walking through a haunted English manor house.

On down the road, for a stretch of perhaps 10 miles north of Mt. Pleasant, the highway is flanked by rickety stands offering a wonderful quality craft: baskets and trays woven of indigenous grasses. Their design originated in West Africa.

Charleston itself is a state of mind, historically rich, architecturally breathtaking, and highly determined in the value it places on family. Perhaps a quick anecdote will shed some pale light:

Some years ago, when I was a reporter for the *News & Courier*, I was sent to interview a lovely elderly lady, a product of ancient and noble Huguenot genes, known as The Duchess of Wadmalaw. When I was ushered into her parlor, she immediately recited her bloodlines and then sat back with a polite smile as if to say, well, now that we know *who* we are, we may begin.

For some reason on that fine day the whole business irritated me, so I promptly recited my lineage, emphasizing Mother's Stuart-Randolph Virginia connections while omitting the odd horse thief and wastrel.

The Duchess blinked in silence for a moment and then blurted: "Well, we must be kin!"

Rockville is a tiny village on the banks of a deep tidal creek. In years past, it was somnolent most of the

year, except for Race Week when the South Atlantic Yacht Racing Association's annual summer tour swung through and the oyster-shell streets were filled with shuffling bare feet, and a six-pack of cold beer and a sailboat were a young man's calling card to the local belles.

Kiawah Island, once a private preserve for a privileged few families, is now a residential resort along the lines of the "plantations" of Hilton Head (most of the senior staff there were trained at Sea Pines).

Seabrook Island, where as a teenager I spent two happy weeks each summer at the Episcopal Diocese's Camp St. Christopher, likewise has fallen to the developer's bulldozer. But it has been done with good taste.

Edisto Island, long a state park and a collection of Suddenly-It's-1945 clapboard beach houses on stilts, also boasts a small golf-tennis resort. It is a pleasant sidetrack.

Beautiful Beaufort by the sea,

Twenty-six miles from Yemassee.

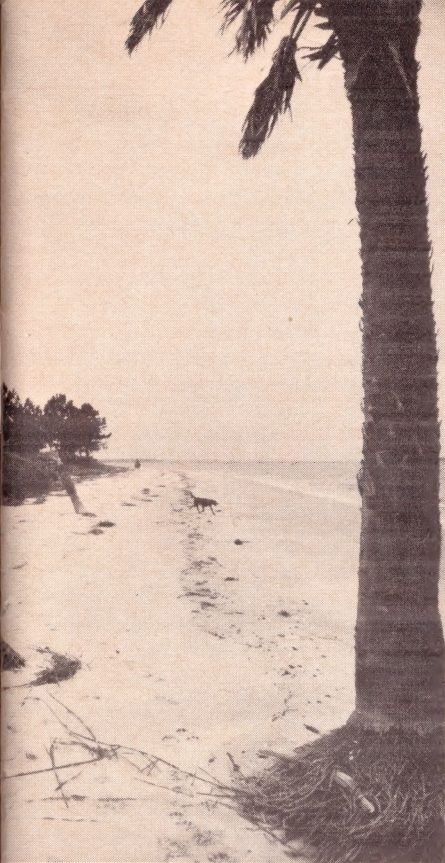
Somewhere along the line in my childhood, that couplet was introduced into my conscious being. Yemassee is remarkable only in that it is the railroad whistle stop where thousands of young would-be Leathernecks debarked en route to the drill fields of Parris Island. And for nearby Auldbrass Plantation with its Frank Lloyd Wright dwelling built of cypress and containing not a single right angle. The locals still call it The Crazy House.

Beaufort is unquestionably one of the loveliest towns on the Eastern Seaboard. Situated on an elbow of land jammed into the Beaufort River, its many handsome antebellum houses command spectacular views of the river and the bay. The bluff along Bay Street with its thatch of ancient live oaks remains one of the nicest spots in the world to spend a summer evening watching sailboats beat along the edge of the marsh.

Much like Charleston, many of the town's historic houses are concentrated on The Point, an area south of Carteret Street, although they are scattered along the bay and throughout the commercial district as well. And like Charleston and Georgetown, Beaufort is a walker's delight.

St. Helena's Episcopal Church (c. 1724) is of classic sea island design. The town itself was spared by the Union troops who occupied it, but the pews in St. Helena's were chopped up for firewood. Despite this, it is a rare and beautiful structure.

Also of particular note are the Hepworth-Pringle House (c. 1717) with musket slits still showing in the foundation, dating from the Yemassee Indian War; the Danner-Johnson House, known colloquially as The Castle; "Marshlands" (c. 1814), a gorgeous amalgam of Adam style with Barbadian influences that Francis Griswold used as the setting for his novel *A Sea Island Lady*; and the Berners Barnwell Sams House (c. 1852), with its thick Doric columns and original tabby slave quarters.



A lovely tradition for many years now is the church service and picnic-on-the-grounds sponsored by St. Helena's Parish at the ruins of Sheldon Church. Built in 1746 as Prince William's Parish Church, the structure was twice burned, first by the British in 1780 and again by Federal troops during the Civil War. The service is held annually the second Sunday after Easter.

Exploration of what we now call the Lowcountry dates back almost as far as American history. Only 29 years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, the Spanish coasted among the islands and made futile attempts later on at settling. The French sent Jean Ribaut in 1562 to establish a colony at Port Royal (near Beaufort), but it was not until the English sank roots at Charleston (1670) and Beaufort (1710) that permanent settlements became fact.

Astonishingly enough, there are a few barrier islands undeveloped and accessible only by boat. They are as pristine as the day Ribaut scouted them and declared there was "... no fayer or fyter place." And even on those that are inhabited, one may still hear the Gullah language, a patois of Elizabethan English and West African dialects.

Most travellers tend to skip down the coast, coming to rest briefly in the better-known cities like Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah. What they miss in between is incalculable. It is a pity. Or maybe it's a blessing for the rest of us. □



YOU RENT a spiffy pair of high-top roller skates and glide silently through the emerald glow of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. The gentle terrain rushes by, and

by Sally Clifford
photos by Beverly L. Dygert

BIG DEAL OVER LITTLE WHEELS





suddenly you're a kid again.

It's easy to drift back to those earlier, simpler times as you join the crowd around one of the skate rental vans. The smiling, brightly clad people are caught up in shared anticipation, pressing closer to the van like children in a sweet shop. Even the stolid lawyer-type lets a grin lift his sinking jowls. One by one, young and silver-haired alike trade walking shoes for roller skates.

But you know you're still in the space age when the skates turn out to be lightweight, plastic-wheeled rollers capable of giving a flawless ride over ridges that vexed skaters using the old metal clamp-ons. Take these revolutionary polyurethane wheels, throw in America's passion for exercise, plus a dash of nostalgia, and you have the ingredients that produced the current roller-skating craze.

In fact, it's true that just that winning combination lures significant numbers of over-30-year-olds like me. Too, it's basically a simple sport. Adults who have never gotten around to learning tennis or golf remember how to skate. And a good pair of skates can be had for about \$30 unless you insist on the latest "jogger" model featuring fancy nylon tops with racing stripes. Better yet, you can rent a full day of fun for about \$5 from the vans that line Lincoln Way or Fulton Street on the park's northern and southern boundaries.

A few of the veteran skaters poise briefly, then push off, eager to pick up the brisk tailwind. We neophytes lin-

ger moments longer, clutching the sturdy elm trunks and enjoying the camaraderie of first-timers sharing a common experience. One sprightly grandmother, dressed in tweeds and cashmere, says it for all of us: "I think I'm probably crazy." However, slowly, unsteadily, she sashays forth, heading resolutely through the acres of green.

My nostalgic fantasy to give sidewalk skating a try, after 20 years of slackening muscles, can be pinpointed, I think, to the halcyon days of a Southern California vacation. Tall, fit blonds on skates cruised the main streets of picturesque beach towns in the warm dusk. Decked out in breezy shorts, they slid along the



narrow walks with appealing abandon and freedom. But what could equal the feel of a warm yellow sun and a sea-fresh breeze on your face as you seized the day?

Or maybe the movie *American Graffiti* started it all. In the backyard of my mind, I could still see carefree carhops executing snappy pirouettes as they delivered a hamburger-and-fries-to-go.

Whatever planted the seed, it grew when I began reading headlines like "The Return of the Wheel" and "Manhattan Rollers." It seemed that I was one of about 40 million Americans from coast to coast who were caught up in the roller-skating renaissance. Joining the growing numbers of artistic, speed and hockey skaters were all of us recreational skaters. The professionals yearned for roller-skating in the Olympic Games; we would be satisfied with endless safe stretches and spectacular days.

No matter the reason, I had to try, for better or worse, to recapture those magic childhood moments of rolling along patchwork concrete.

When I was a youngster, I lived in the far reaches of Idaho where snow curled around window ledges until late spring. Only when the ragged ice began to shrink from the lake's edge did we know for certain that the thaw had begun. Then the leggings were cached in the closet's darkest corner; galoshes boxed and stored. Shards of peppered snow still studded the lawn when I strapped on my shiny steel skates and made that first wet spring-

time flight. From April to June, a skate key hung from a string around my neck day and night.

Since it was necessary to pick one place to take that nostalgic journey, I chose San Francisco's magnificent Golden Gate Park. These days Californians are skating everywhere: neighborhood streets, bikeways and beachfront boardwalks. But its location and unique appeal make Golden Gate the grande dame of rollerways. It is a giant mosaic of gardens, lakes and lush meadows fashioned from 1,017 acres of wind-rolled sand dunes.

Sunday is the best day for skaters because most of the park's main thoroughfare, Kennedy Drive, is closed to traffic. I could dip and glide galore, and the heavy aroma of blossoms placed my spirit back to a warm spring day on my Idaho street.

So, it was no accident that brought me to "The Cheapskate" rental van that balmy Sunday morning. I think gnawing uncertainty made me confide to the clerk that I was a "re-entry skater." He nodded and cheerfully suggested knee pads and gloves. As I edged cautiously away from the truck, he yelled, "Lookout! Runaway skater." My head jerked and spun; seconds later I realized he meant me. A huge, mischievous grin spread wide across his face.

Undaunted, I staked out a novice's territory at a far end of Kennedy Drive. No hills, no curves, not a lot of other skaters I might uncontrollably bump. That old cliché about walking before running came in handy. Noisy

skating had become obsolete with the new skateboard-type wheels. Stopping, too, for that matter. Once started, like Old Man River, I just kept rolling along, so lesson number one had to be how to stop. The invention of a little rubber pad below the toe helped, but everything above the skate still rocketed forward. To corrupt a quotation: Could this be the stuff of which fantasies are made?

I got better, after a fashion. Plus, that day in Golden Gate Park was a rousing good show. Disco skaters in pink satin shorts, women pushing strollers, and at least one octogenarian zoomed past. A jaunty gentleman in lederhosen skated to the tune from a squeezebox he played as cyclists dodged in and out of the vast maze.

But it was the kids' ingenuity that added gusto to the free-spirited action. Cries of "on-your-mark" rippled the air as, fearless and rosy-cheeked, they raced, played leapfrog and swung in long lines before cracking-the-whip.

After countless turns around the same course, I found my arms were no longer flailing the air for support. I wasn't exactly into spins and leaps, but at least I could look straight ahead, not just at my wobbly feet. At that point, I understood the full implication of Professor Higgins' exclamation, "I think she's got it!"

In my bulging day pack I had a pair of shoes to wear for touring, since none of the museums or buildings allows visitors wearing skates. Then the skates could be slung easily over my

shoulder. I also included a simple first aid kit in the pack, as well as a sandwich to eat in one of the shady glens.

Getting braver, I attacked my first hill, remembering that one early city father had wanted to level a half-mile strip from downtown San Francisco to the ocean for a park. His idea was suspect at the time, since he owned a grading company and was going to use the dirt to fill the Bay. But right now, flattening the ups and downs didn't sound a bit unreasonable to me.

My plan was to go a bit farther, practice my turns, than take off my skates to picnic at my favorite spot, Shakespeare's Garden.

After my picnic, I headed back to the main arena where a shifting kaleidoscope of roller skaters was weaving colorful patterns on the pavement. Polished skaters swung hand-in-hand and some danced in vintage ballroom-style to the music of an impromptu Sunday concert. To truly test my mettle as a reborn skater, I would have to be able to drift smoothly to the lively strains of Viennese waltzes flowing from the music ensemble. Now if I could just find an opening in the perpetual motion. My idea was to twirl, leap and spiral — in short, to be the Dorothy Hamill of roller-skating.

I wish I could report it worked out that way. But like most things, skating had changed with time. And so had I. Nevertheless, crisscrossing back and forth to the tune of a good waltz, I couldn't help feeling I'd defied Thomas Wolfe. I had gone home again. If ever so briefly. □

DIGHTON'S WHODUNIT ROCK

It bears ancient markings that continue
to mystify writing experts

by Margaret H. Koehler
illustrations by Fred Browning

FOR CENTURIES the rock was nearly covered with water by each high tide, a great elephant of a boulder that would emerge slowly as the tide ebbed, revealing what appeared, at first, to be a multitude of scars crisscrossing its sandstone hide.

The rock lay along the east bank of the Taunton River in Dighton, Massachusetts. The Taunton begins to widen at this point, continuing on to empty into Mount Hope Bay. This had long been a route of explorers.

Except for those relatively short daily periods when the rock was nearly submerged, its face made an ideal slate upon which a voyager could make his mark. So, over the centuries, hundreds of marks *were* made, until finally it was decided that

the rock had had enough.

Determined to protect Dighton Rock for posterity, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1963 raised it by means of a huge derrick and placed it on an embankment built out from the shore. Hoisting the rock proved to be quite an achievement. It is 5 x 9½ x 11 feet and weighs more than 40 tons.

In 1973, it was decided to enclose the rock in an octagonal building that would also contain a museum detailing the provocative history of its mysterious inscriptions, for scientists have yet to solve the meaning of the writings.

Virtually all of the markings are man-made, there is universal agreement among the experts on that point,



but from there the theories differ. Some think the writings were made by Wampanoag Indians, who lived in this region for more than 9,000 years. Others subscribe to the "Phoenician Theory," which was first advanced by a French historian, Count Andrew de Gebelin, in a treatise written in 1781. Many historians believe that the ancient Phoenicians came to North America, and Count de Gebelin was first to express the thought that the markings on Dighton Rock are a record of Phoenicians who came to live for a time among the friendly area natives before returning to their own land.

Many historians also subscribe to the theory that the Vikings explored much of New England, and experts in Norse writings have expressed the belief that the inscriptions on the Dighton Rock, or at least some of them, were made by early seafaring Scandinavians.

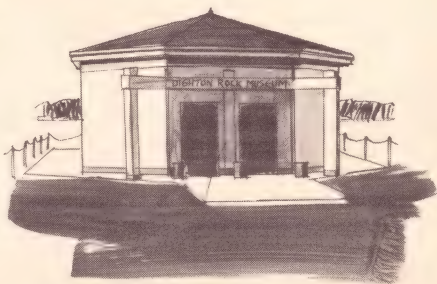
Probably the leading theory about Dighton Rock is that its most significant inscriptions were made by a Portuguese explorer, Miguel Corte-Real, between 1502 and 1511. This would mean that the Portuguese visited New England more than a century before the English set foot on that far-more-famous rock at Plymouth.

It's possible that all four theories about the writings on the rock have validity; some of them may have been made by the Wampanoags, some by the Phoenicians, some by the Vikings and some by the Portuguese. Some also may have been made by Taunton

hayrakers around 1640. At that time, haying was quite an enterprise and hay for area livestock was cut at various points along the river and transported by rafts. Some of the marks might be classified as graffiti made in more recent years before the rock was enshrined by the state, but there is no doubt that the majority are much, much older.

The building in which the rock and its museum are housed looks like a small Greek temple. Inside, rainbow floodlights have been placed so that they converge upon the "writing" side of the rock, bathing it in rather garish, striated bands of varying colors. Nevertheless, the markings are clearly visible.

Outside, during the warmer months, there is camping in the 50-acre state park that surrounds the rock, and boating on the Taunton River. Even through the fall and on into winter, people make their way to the waterfront in a kind of pilgrimage to see the rock, to stare at its plethora of fascinating inscriptions and to read their own meanings into its hieroglyphics. □





FOUR WHEELER

THE WORLD'S LEADING FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE



OF THE YEAR

MAGAZINE SAYS IT'S THE 1980 FORD BRONCO

Pages 16-17: Optional tricolor tape stripe and Free Wheeling Package "B" add flair to Bronco Ranger XLT

by Ray Newman

NEWLY DESIGNED for 1980, the Ford Bronco has been selected Four Wheeler of the Year by the automotive industry's most-recognized four-wheel-drive publication, *Four Wheeler*. The annual award is based on achievements in design and technology by a given manufacturer.

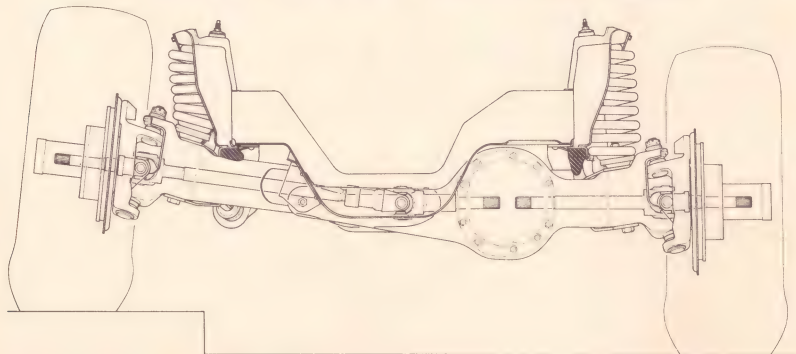
Dennis Adler, editor of *Four Wheeler*, made these comments before presenting the award to James A. Capolongo, Ford vice president and general manager of Truck and Recreation Products Operations: "Selecting the Four Wheeler of the Year is a difficult task, as each year trucks grow more and more sophisticated in design and performance, and do so with equal proficiency among manufacturers.

"However, this year is somewhat different, pleasingly so, in that for once it was almost a clear-cut choice as to which manufacturer had most achieved what the Four Wheeler of the Year award stands for: the most significant advancement in the field of four wheeling.

"After looking at the 1980 entries, it was obvious that Ford Motor Company had achieved a truly significant advancement in the design of four-wheel-drive vehicles by introducing the first four wheelers with fully independent front suspension, an advancement that has created a new standard of comfort in light-duty, four-wheel-drive trucks."

Bronco's tough new Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension eases wheels over bumps separately to cushion the vehicle and help off-road control. A special floorpan design reduces mud and snow packing. □

Bronco's Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension



Defensive Maneuvers in the Classroom

by Steve Brody

illustrations by Max Altekruze



The teacher's techniques worked fine
until the day Walter Bates snoozed off

TEACHERS, regularly exposed to the caprices of youngsters, are often compelled to develop protective techniques. Having encountered a wide

range of behavioral aberrations in my years of teaching, I have compiled an extensive repertoire of defense mechanisms.

One of the most persistent annoyances is the *Grade Haggler*. This breed surfaces quarterly, with each marking period, to wheedle a point or two on his report card.

Some years ago I perfected a system for dealing with grade hagglers. On days when report cards are to be distributed, I go to the cafeteria and load up on garlic and onions. I then top it off by smoking a cheap cigar. An example of the system's effectiveness was demonstrated one day when Lou Brooks, a tenacious grade haggler, charged into my room waving his report card at me.

"What's with this 86 in English?" he demanded. "It'll ruin my chances of getting into Yale."

I was fortified to the depths of my diaphragm. I arose and leaned in close to Lou. "Hhhhhh how do you figure?" I asked, draining my lungs like an operatic basso.

Lou reeled momentarily and retreated. He shook it off and came back at me with eyes ablaze. "I've turned in all my assignments; I'm active in class discussions. I feel that I rate as high a grade as . . ."

"As whhhhhhooooo?" I demanded.

Lou winced and drew back once more. He pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed at his eyes. "As Eddie Roth. Eddie has a 90."

"Yes, but how about Henry Hoffman?" I countered. "Henry received an 80. And he has worked hard!"

Lou turned askance. "Who's Henry Hoffman?" he muttered.

"Who's Henry Hoffman?" I ech-

oed, jutting my jaw at Lou. "Who's Henry Hoffman? Henry worked hard and he got an 80, and he's happy, that's who."

Lou had been holding his breath until he turned pale. "Oh, well," he said weakly, "maybe an 86 isn't so bad after all."

He ducked out quickly and showed no further dissatisfaction with his grades for the rest of the year.

The *Late Arriver* has posed a problem for educators since the advent of the sundial. All manner of treatments have been attempted to cope with this nuisance, but the hard-core late arriver simply refuses to be stampeded.

Dan Mason's habit of oversleeping can be traced to his crib days. After enrolling in my first-period English class, Dan missed the bus every morning the first week of school. He'd trudge into the room 15 minutes after the bell, never bothering to explain.

"You're late, Dan," I'd remind him.

"Better late than never," he'd reply, sprawling into his seat.

It was obvious that neither threat nor persuasion would speed Dan in his daily rounds, so I decided to try the psychological approach. One morning I went to the library and recruited a young miss who was doing a research paper. I induced her to perform her chores in my room for the day. Since my room had a slightly lower noise level than the library, she readily assented. I had her sit in Dan's place.

When Dan arrived that morning, late as usual, the class was at work

paraphrasing a sonnet by Shakespeare. I was busy marking papers and didn't bother to acknowledge Dan's entry. He walked to his seat, saw that it was occupied, then stood over me waiting.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, looking up.

"Someone's in my seat," said Dan.

I shot him a puzzled look. "Your seat? Who are you?"



"I'm Dan Mason," he said.

I shook my head emphatically. "No Dan Mason in this class. You're in the wrong room."

"Is this room 209?"

"That's right."

"Is this the first period?"

"Correct."

"Then I'm supposed to be in this room. In this seat."

I had drawn up a class roster with Dan's name omitted. I got it out and

scanned the names carefully. "What was that name?"

He wet his lips nervously. "Dan Mason."

I looked him square in the eye. "Sorry. No Dan Mason assigned to this class."

"I was here yesterday," he protested, "and the day before. I'm the fellow who comes in late. Don't you remember?" He was perspiring.

"Now I know you've made a mistake," I said. "Nobody comes in late here. Nobody."

"You're sure there's no Dan Mason in this class?"

"Look for yourself," I said, shoving the roster at him.

He left the room, visibly distressed. The following morning he appeared, several minutes before the bell. He plunked himself in his seat and peered around, ready to ward off any intruder.

"Morning, Dan," I greeted.

"Morning," he replied. "Uh, were you here yesterday?"

"Of course, Dan. I haven't been absent in 12 years. Why do you ask?"

He braced himself for the next question. "Was I here yesterday?"

I began to laugh. "You're asking *me* if *you* were here yesterday? You mean you don't know?"

Dan didn't reply. He buried himself in a book to avoid further embarrassment. Neither of us mentioned the incident again, but Dan Mason was on time for class the balance of the year.

Another source of irritation is the



Desk Doodler. This is the self-proclaimed genius who uses the desk top as his canvas for avant-garde expressionism. The desk doodler, although a force to be reckoned with, is not to be bracketed with the *Desk Sculptor*, whose work tends to be far more durable.

I once had an addictive desk doodler named George Killifer in my class. In the span of a single semester George passed through three phases of desk art, from cubism to dadaism to surrealism.

I am not an appreciator of desk art, so each time George finished one of his masterpieces I had him go to the broom closet, fetch scouring cleanser and water, and restore the desk to its original sheen. George was not deterred by a little housework, however, so I was forced to concoct a more grandiose plan.

One day, after George had completed one of his more imaginative designs, I had him carry the desk down to the art display case in the main corridor. I then arranged to have announced over the school intercom that a one-man showing of desk art by George Killifer would be on exhibit for the next five days.

The overexposure served as an immediate remedy. From then on, George's desk top stayed as clean as marble.

Another character who can ruffle a teacher's equanimity is the *Snoozer*. Time was when the snoozer regarded my classroom as his own personal bailiwick, where he might renew himself

after the more arduous disciplines like math, or science, or gourmet cooking.

I was reasonably tolerant in those days, but word spread that I was an easy mark, good for 40 minutes of beddy-bye. On mornings following a late basketball game, or a senior hop, my classroom resembled a bivouac area after a 20-mile hike.

I adopted strict measures to deal with the snoozer. I would keep a loaded Polaroid handy. When an offender dozed off, I would tiptoe to his desk and snap his picture. I would then rouse him and confront him with the factual testimony. Unless he solemnly promised to retain consciousness in English IV for the rest of the year, I'd threaten to send the picture home to his parents as proof that he was betraying their trust and tax dollars. The admonition invariably paid off.

One day my campaign to eradicate snoozers backfired. Walter Bates, a heavy-lidded senior, fell fast asleep during a class discussion of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*. Thoroughly disgusted, I reached for the Polaroid and snapped Walter in his comatose condition. I jarred him awake and flung the picture at him.

"That will go to your parents," I said.

Walter shook the cobwebs from his brain. He studied the picture admiringly, then looked me square in the eye.

"Can I order some extra prints?" he asked. "I want to send them to my friends." □

THE BOOM IN LOG HOMES

These aren't primitive cabins. They're a growing development in primary and second homes

by Adam Turnbull

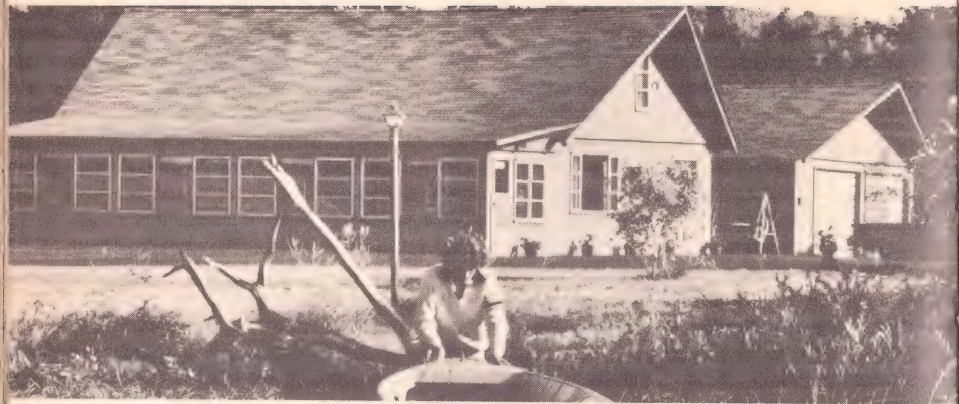
photos by Leonard P. Johnson



THE IDEA of living in a house made of logs is of course not new to Americans. After all, one of the best-known dwellings in our history is the log cabin that Abraham Lincoln was born in. Today, however, we have a new phenomenon in housing — log homes that have every modern conve-

Designed by Green Mountain Cabins, Inc. (left), P.O. Box 190, Chester, Vermont 05143, and Bellaire Log Homes, P.O. Box 322, Bellaire, Michigan 49615





Designed by Bellaire Log Homes

nience and architectural distinction as well. There are at least 100 manufacturers of log homes in the country now; business is said to be excellent.

There is a kind of upward mobility in the history of their names — from cabin, to house, to home. Some present-day log homes are spacious, chock full of the most modern equipment and beautiful. Some are small and work perfectly either as summer or winter homes on lakes or mountains in northern states, or in the desert of the Southwest. Others are in

the finest residential areas of big cities and have two stories, six bedrooms and two-car garages.

A person who wants a log home can order a kit. In many cases, the kit may consist of only the logs — cut, notched and otherwise prepared for assembly. In other cases, the manufacturer includes all the wood materials necessary to complete the home. The cost may range anywhere from \$8,000 to \$40,000. That figure, however, is just a starting point. Afterward comes the labor costs, the interior materials and whatever luxuries the buyer cares to install. The final figure may run to three times the cost of the kit. Just how this compares with the cost of a conventional home is hard to judge, but it is thought to be about five per cent less.

Why are log homes becoming more popular?

*Designed by Boyne Falls Log Homes, Inc.,
Boyne Falls, Michigan 49713*



- A log home is easy to maintain. It requires neither paint nor paper. Damage that would be repaired in a conventional home is ignored in a log home. So what if someone dents a log? So what if the grandchildren decide to carve their initials inside or out? It seems perfectly natural.
- A log home is cheaper to heat. Logs make naturally fine insulation, and the way log homes are built the logs fit together tightly. One builder of kits estimates that a log has six times the insulating capacity of a brick of equal thickness.
- A log home is easier to build. The kits come with the logs coded, some with doors and windows pre-built. Theoretically all one needs is a hammer and the accompanying blueprint, plus some friends. There's more to it than that, but a truly gifted tinkerer can certainly cut his labor costs if he has the time to devote to the project.
- Finally, the log home tracks with a lot of today's philosophy — whole-grain cereals, natural materials, the simpler life, a closer touch with nature. A log home is cozy. A lot of people would pay any price for this one quality. □

Designed by Ward Cabin Company, P.O. Box 72, Houlton, Maine 04730



Rebates of \$300 to \$500 Announced at Dealer Convention

NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 11 — Ford Motor Company said today it will offer rebates of \$300 to \$500 on some of its most popular 1980 and 1979 cars from today through March 22.

William O. Bourke, executive vice president — Ford North American Automotive Operations, disclosed details of the program to newsmen and women today after they were announced by Philip Caldwell, company president, to Ford dealers attending the National Automobile Dealers Association convention here.

"We are not rebating just last year's models, nor are we limiting our rebates to the two or three lines moving most slowly in the market," Mr. Bourke said. "Starting today we are offering \$500 customer rebates directly from the company on all of our popular Ford Thunderbirds, and \$300 customer rebates on our strong-selling Ford Fairmonts.

"In addition, buyers in California and Hawaii will get \$400 rebates on Ford Mustangs, as well as the other rebates I mentioned."

He emphasized that all of the new cash incentives apply to both 1980 and 1979 models.

Mr. Bourke said another important point was that "people who buy the limited number of 1979 models still available will get a double benefit — these new rebates plus the discounts Ford dealers have been offering previously on these models."

With regard to rebates on 1980 models, Mr. Bourke said the action was in response to the fact that the "market is beginning to move — and we want to give owners of older, less-fuel-efficient cars every chance to save money on their new-car purchases and at the same time have an opportunity to cut their gasoline costs." He added:

"We want to show that in this big country, with its big families and its wide-open spaces, small is not always economical. U.S. families still need the roomy family car, and we think that with the encouragement we're offering through our dealers starting today, they will get the message." □



What Kept You?

by Val Lauder

illustrations by Raymond F. Houlihan

While the Revolutionary War was being fought and settled, a Cape Cod man and his son were taking the long way home

MANY A HUSBAND setting out for work has come home late. And many a husband has had an explanation — good or not. But David Snow of Cape Cod may have set some kind of record.

In 1775, Mr. Snow and his 15-year-old son, David Jr., set out from Truro to go fishing, as usual. They planned to fish in the waters of Cape Cod Bay, along the “Back Side” of the Cape — the inner forearm of Thoreau’s famed description. In 1775, however, that happened to be an area in which English privateers were almost as plentiful as fish.

The British ships would hover near the coast, prowling the waters of Cape Cod Bay. On shore — especially in the land bordering Cape Cod Bay — tensions between the colonies and mother country were fast coming to a boil.

While the Snows were going about their business of fishing, a privateer



known as the “shaving mill” swooped down on them. Despite the Snows’ “most earnest remonstrance,” they were picked up, put aboard the privateer, and carried off to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

From Nova Scotia, they were eventually transferred to England, ending up at Old Mill Prison near Plymouth.

There, in time, the two Snows gained the confidence of prison officers.

Perhaps it was the fact the father and son had not been privateers themselves, but only fishermen caught up in the net of war. Perhaps it was their own genial personalities. Perhaps,

even, it was a bit of Yankee shrewdness in playing up these facts. Whatever the reason, in time, the two Snows were extended many privileges.

But all the while, the months and years were passing — with no word for Mrs. Snow, back in Truro.

One day young David found a large cutting file. He showed it to his father, and Mr. Snow advised him to keep it, seeing in it a possible key to freedom.

Enlisting 36 fellow prisoners in his plot, Mr. Snow proposed “a great frolic and dance throughout the prison.”

The moment the fiddling began, the carefully orchestrated sound of

the dance — the heavy, double-shuffle of prison brogans being brought down square on the rough floor — drowned out the rasping squeak of the file on the old prison bars.

"Great enthusiasm" went into the dance, according to a later account. And into the filing.

Fresh hands kept the file doing "full-work" until an opening large enough for safe exit had been cut. Then, not missed in the excitement of the dance, the 36 men slipped out into the prison yard. Knocking down the sentinels, they made their escape.

Once outside the walls of Old Mill Prison, however, they were still a long 15 miles from Plymouth Harbor, "whither they directed their steps in double-quick," knowing full well that the success of their escape depended upon being clear of the shore of England before daylight.

In the harbor of Plymouth, though, the only escape vessel they could find was a large scow. Out of necessity, they boarded it and put out to sea. When the morning prison gun echoed over the moors to signal their escape, the 36 men were afloat on the scow in the English Channel.

Not long afterward, they spotted a small vessel coming close. They managed to take over the small prize, under threat of surrender or death. Then, trimming sail, they set course for France.

Landing there safely, the practical Yankees sold their prize of war. (Mr. Snow and his son received \$40 as their share.) They then gave themselves up

to the French authorities.

Still no word, though, for Mrs. Snow, back in Truro.

French officials placed them aboard a "cartel" being sent to America. They arrived safely — but far from home — in the Carolinas.

By that time, the Revolutionary War was being fought largely in the South, and the coast was so heavily guarded that they had to make their way north on foot. It was a slow business.

By the time the two Snows reached Boston, peace — and victory — had come to the colonies, now the United States.

If your history is a bit rusty, Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown on October 19, 1781 — six years after the Snows set out from Truro to go fishing on the "Back Side" of the Cape.

In Boston, the Snows managed to book passage to Provincetown. Heading south to Truro, they began encountering friends and acquaintances who, for seven years, had mourned them as dead.

Nearing home, Mr. Snow learned that he would find his wife sewing over at Isaac Small's.

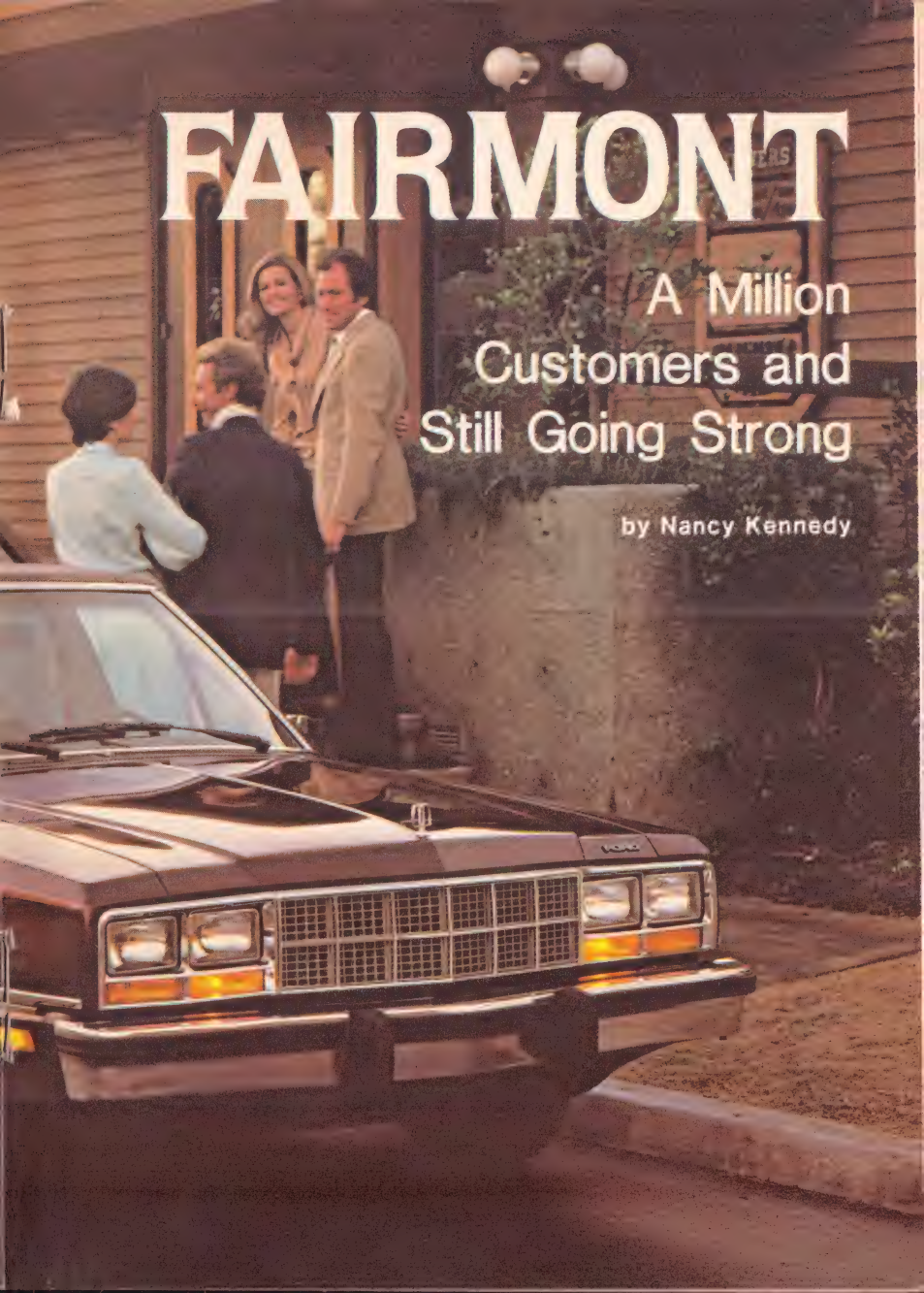
He did. Had he stepped through "the shades of death," as he clearly seemed to be doing, Mrs. Snow could not have swooned more on cue.

Recovered, however, she set out for home with her husband and son.

Incidentally, there is no historical record to tell us at what point she asked: "What kept you?" □



FAIRMONT

A photograph of a Fairmont hotel entrance. In the foreground, the front of a dark-colored car is visible, showing its headlights and grille. In the background, a group of four people (two men and two women) are standing near the entrance of a building with wood siding. The title 'FAIRMONT' is overlaid in large white letters at the top.

A Million
Customers and
Still Going Strong

by Nancy Kennedy

Ford dealers to date have sold more than one million Ford Fairmonts for the American road. Introduced two years ago last fall, Fairmont sales reached 422,690 cars in the car's first year alone — making its first-year sales better than for any other new car ever introduced by a domestic manufacturer.

Now the 1980 Fairmont figures even more prominently as the right car for our fuel-economy-minded times. With the standard 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission, Fairmont has an EPA-estimated [23] mpg* and a highway rating of 38 mpg. That represents a 15 per cent improvement in estimated mpg and 23 per cent in highway mpg over a comparably equipped 1979 Fairmont.

Or, among a wide choice in powertrains, consider the optional 3.3-liter (200-CID) engine with a four-speed manual overdrive transmission; it has the best estimated mpg of any six-cylinder mid-size car built in America — an estimated [21] mpg and a highway rating of 30 mpg.

The 1980 Fairmont successfully blends fuel economy with mid-size roominess at a compact price. All Fairmonts feature rack-and-pinion steering, a strut-type front suspension, and coil-spring and four-bar-link rear suspension. There is room for five adults and ample trunk space, too, as

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. California estimates are lower. Your actual highway mileage probably will be less.

Pages 32-33: Recently introduced four-door Futura in Dark Cordovan Metallic

well as a wide choice of options and body styles.

With the 1980½ introduction of the new four-door Futura (see pages 32-33), Fairmont is available in six models: two-door and four-door Fairmonts, the sporty two-door Futura coupe and now the new, elegant four-door Futura, as well as two models of Fairmont wagons. The standard Fairmont is for the price-conscious buyer while the top-of-the-line Futura is for those who want a bit more in luxury and sportiness.

On the outside, both models of the Futura sport a distinctive grill and halogen lamps.

The recently introduced four-door Futura retains the elegance of the coupe and, with the optional Decor Group, has a luxurious interior with a deluxe sound package, as well as full door trim with carpet and high-gloss woodgrain appliqué. In addition, there is a luxury seat trim in Venezia — a rich deep velvety pile — 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, carpeted luggage compartment and color-keyed seat belts.

All 1980 Fairmonts offer nine new exterior paint colors including Candy Apple Red, Dark Blue Metallic, Pastel Sand, Bittersweet Glow and Dark Cordovan Metallic. There are also

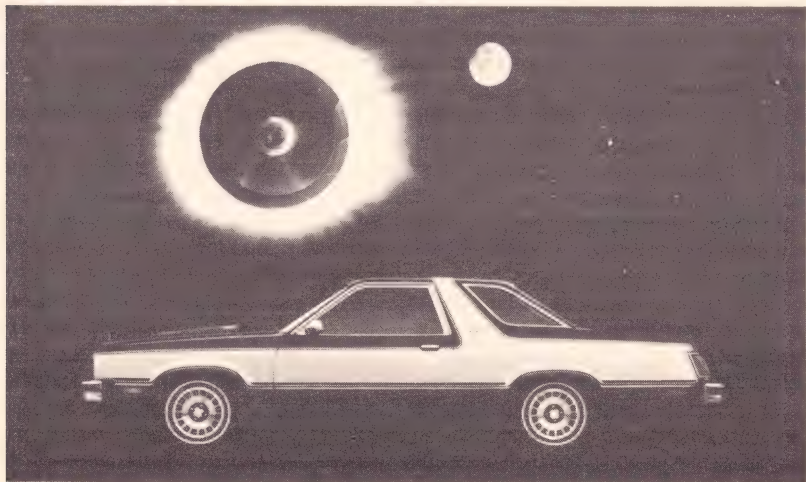


Above: Futura coupe in Red Glow with Red vinyl half roof. Below: Interior Decor Group has flight bench seat in new luxury velour





Above: Fairmont Squire in Dark Pine Metallic with woodgrain vinyl bodyside. Below: Futura Ghia in Tu-Tone Silver Metallic and Black



new Tu-Tone schemes, three new vinyl roof colors and three new interior colors to choose from. A new partial-vinyl door trim, a new "double bucket" sew style for cloth and vinyl seats, and new tape stripe treatment are offered with the exciting Futura Sports Group.

And, this year, for those who want more reserve power, there are two new optional engines: a 2.3-liter turbo-charged engine with automatic transmission and a 4.2-liter (255 CID) 2V V-8.

Standard with the 2.3-liter turbo option is a Performance Instrumentation Package consisting of tachometer, oil-pressure and engine-temperature gauges, an ammeter and trip odometer, and "boost indicator" that shows engine-manifold pressure.

Other new standard Fairmont equipment for 1980 includes a mini-spare tire, high-pressure P-metric radial-ply tires, a self-adjusting clutch with all manual-shift transmissions and a new starter for 3.3-liter and 4.2-liter engines.

Standard Fairmont wagon features include a liftgate with concealed hinges and gas-strut assists, vertical wraparound tail lamps, bright quarter- and liftgate-window moldings, bright metal hub caps, a fold-down rear seat with a carpeted seat back and color-keyed load-floor carpeting.

The wagon's six-cylinder engine, with a four-speed manual transmission, has an estimated mpg of [21]. No six-cylinder wagon sold in America — foreign or domestic — beats it.



Fairmont's trunk offers 16.8 cubic feet of space

Fairmont wagons also offer 43 cubic feet of cargo space with rear seat up and five-passenger seating. For even more room, the rear seat can be folded down for 79.5 cubic feet of cargo space, almost seven feet in length.

For more information about Fairmont, visit your local Ford dealer. Test-drive the model of your choice. When you drive off in a brand new Fairmont, you will go in style and be in step with the fuel-economy-minded '80s. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

by Pete Czura
illustrations by Greta Elgaard

ABOUT the only fishermen in this country — or the world — who think nothing of exceeding catch limits of all species of fish several times daily — regardless of season — are the double-crested cormorants, ugly and fearsome birds. Among their common names are shag, lawyer and water turkey. Their scientific name is *Phalacrocorax auritus*.

Over my many years of wandering among the boondocks I have seen

hundreds of cormorants pour into Nebraska's Lake McConaughy and Lewis and Clark Lake, Florida's Cypress Garden lakes, along Parismina's Rio Pacure in Costa Rica and along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts — to indulge in their great communal fishing sprees.

The cormorant family life extends along a vast stretch of the North American continent. They range from central Saskatchewan, their ancestral breeding grounds, as far south as Florida and along the states touching the Gulf of Mexico, with some occasional stragglers popping up in Ber-

NATURE'S GREATEST FISHERMEN





muda for the winter season.

Long ago, the birds' native habitat was along ocean shores and large lakes. But with the growth of towns and cities and the development of industrial and resort areas, they were forced to move inland. Like all waterfowl, they migrate in the spring and fall, and it is during this migration period that they are most abundant in the Plains states.

Cormorants usually begin their lives in a rookery. Nebraska's Lake McConaughy, Keith County, and Smith Lake, Sheridan County, have such rookeries, and both are visited by many students of bird life annually. The discordant cries of these birds rend the air long before they can be

seen. In April, it is the noisy bickering of the parents squabbling over a nest site in some withered and dead cottonwood tree, and in May and June, the hunger cries of the young, that disclose the location of a rookery.

An adult double-crested cormorant in full nuptial attire, viewed at close range, is a rather fearsome object. The eyes, small and wicked-looking, are set close to the base of the bill and are surrounded by bare, ugly, wrinkled skin. The entire inside of the mouth is a uniform blue. A large greenish-black bird with a yellow-orange throat, it is equipped with an angular pouch. Its bill, designed to handle slippery fish, is long and narrow and sharply hooked at the end.



Though protected by federal law since 1918 and, more recently, by international treaty with Canada and Mexico, cormorants often are confused by the neophyte outdoorsman with loons or geese.

A few years ago some Tennessee conservation officers made a routine check of a hunter's bag. Proudly the man hauled out his fat "goose" and asked the officers to take his picture with it. The officers did not have the heart to tell him the "goose" was a cormorant.

Incidentally, had this sportsman tried to cook and eat his prize, he would have quickly discovered that it was unfit for human consumption. Leather would have been more palatable and softer. For that reason, many anglers use the flesh of the bird for trotline bait when going after catfish. However, it must be kept in the water for some time until the flesh ripens and becomes soft.

Experienced hunters rarely mistake cormorants for other game birds. A simple way to recognize them in flight is to note their unusually long tail and their swift wingbeat, which is faster than that of a goose. These birds move through the heavens in an orderly array, holding their necks slightly above the horizontal. This is in contrast to the look presented by other flying game birds.

The mating ceremony of the cormorants — once seen — is never forgotten. In this case, it is the female which takes the initiative. The amorous one approaches the male she

seeks boldly, with neck upraised to its fullest height and sometimes with her beak wide open. Then she grips the tail feathers of the male transversely, wagging them up and down with her beak. If this is accomplished without a rebuff from the male, the female proudly elevates her body, and with uplifted tail, raises her head and neck directly upward and backward until it almost touches her back. Then she bursts into a series of slow, gargle-like croaks of affection, thrusting her head forward violently with each expression of joy.

Nests are built almost anywhere. On the ground, they are made of twigs and weeds. If on the ledges of sea islands, the nests are built of fresh seaweed and kelp. Occasionally, the birds nest alone but more often they band together forming colony-style dwellings on one tree. I have seen trees festooned with as many as 38 cormorant nests containing eggs and young in Florida and Louisiana.

Cormorant eggs are pale, blueish-



white, overlaid with a chalky coating and about 2½ inches long. There are usually three to five eggs in each clutch. When hatched, young cormorants are totally naked, sooty-black, and reptile-like in appearance. However, in just a couple of days they are covered with a thick black down. When the nests are on the ground, the young take to the water faster and become expert divers before they learn to fly. But when nests are perched in the treetops, the young clamber out onto the neighboring bare limbs and squat in single file, waiting for the parents to return with food for them.

Whenever I see an irregular formation of cormorants congregating on the waters, and spreading out over a large area, I know that one of their famed fishing drives is ready to commence. The birds whirl upward and then dive into the water with a *splat!* after the fleeing fish. Just before they hit the water the birds cut loose with a gleeful but harsh *squawwk!*

Another technique the cormorants use is to flail the waters into a lacy froth, as every bird exerts its noisiest best to frighten and confuse the fish it seeks. As the gap between fish and bird narrows, the bird darts under the water in pursuit. The dive is noiseless and the chase relentless.

During the communal fish drive some birds fall behind the front-line action. When this occurs, they lumber aloft awkwardly, and with their feet kicking frantically and skipping over the water, they manage to fly back to the head of the drive. The constant

movement of the laggard birds from the rear of such a drive to the front is a continual, rolling-over process similar to that of a caterpillar tractor tread.

The drives become shorter as shallower water is reached. Finally, the pursued fish make one last desperate effort to escape the birds by trying to leap out of the water and over the birds but this effort is doomed to failure. A wild melee of darting and jumping fish follows. Then silence reigns as the birds regroup and band again for another drive elsewhere.

When their appetites are finally sated, the birds fly at a lumbering pace to the nearest tree limb, log, or projecting snag for a rest. At times, they gorge themselves so extensively it is necessary for them to either regurgitate part of the fish, or to swim lazily toward their perch, since they are too laden to fly. Once there, their resting spot becomes an avian boudoir. The birds stretch, preen, and with the dignity of old gentlemen cooling themselves with palm leaves, they slowly flap their wings to dryness.

Next spring, try watching the cavorting antics of the cormorants. Perhaps you will see a wild mating ceremony, or hear the whistle of the wings as the birds dive downward from hundreds of feet above. You'll see the collapse of first one wing and then another as the cormorants tumble and sideslip to lose altitude quickly. Then watch as the birds put on one of nature's greatest fishing sprees, which can't be duplicated. □



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illustrations by Linda Boston



by Bern Keating

WONDERFUL SEAFOOD AT NEW ORLEANS' EDGES

ON MY FIRST visit to Louisiana's bayou country, along the marshy Gulf Coast, I hurried past the shabby concrete-block or asbestos-shingled barns that often pass for restaurants in that simple land, seeking the predictable fare of familiar roadside chains. I was acting on the traveler's axiom that any restaurant advertising itself with neon is a greasy spoon. I learned later that I had deprived myself of the most succulent seafood in the nation.

Behind those dubious facades,

South Louisiana chefs work with seafood that was hauled from the Gulf about the time the average traveler was responding to the alarm clock. Onto formica table tops dressed with paper napkins and pepper sauce, ketchup and steak sauce bottles, they deliver platters of large fresh-caught flounder perfectly prepared, shrimp so fresh they release a puff of aromatic steam when bitten into, crawfish as tender as Maine lobster, flaky redfish (perhaps the world's greatest eating) poached in the herbs and spices of

From the outside these restaurants are not pretty
but they serve great fare just out of the Gulf

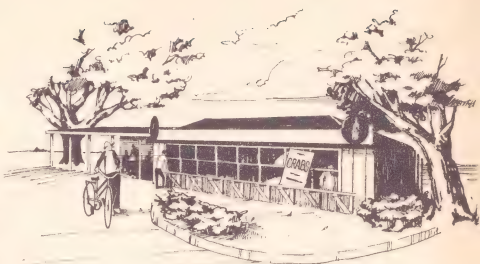
a Cajun court-bouillon (*coo-byahn*) stock.

Even in New Orleans, a city blessed with several dozen chic restaurants that serve exquisite Creole-style seafood, the most elegant diners, hankering after some serious eating, periodically make a pilgrimage to Bucktown, a cluster of seedy-looking seafood restaurants on the Lake Pontchartrain waterfront at the northwestern edge of town. (Take the West End exit from I-10 going west; go north past the stoplight at Robert E. Lee Boulevard and turn left on Lake Avenue; follow it to the dead end. Or take a taxi, about \$5 to \$6 from the city's center.)

Established in 1859, Bruning's has dominated the Bucktown restaurant community from its beginning. (If Bruning's is jammed, as well it might be, choose from more than a dozen restaurants within walking distance, all equally unpromising in exterior decor and all offering an equally palatable cuisine.)

The first time I passed under Bruning's gaudy neon sign into the vast bleak interior, I noted with trepidation just inside the entrance a battery of gumball machines and a hideously noisy pinball device — not a good omen for high gastronomy.

And then my nostrils flared to the scent of an honest South Louisiana kitchen working at full steam — a blend of tomato, onion, garlic, pepper, thyme, parsley and above all bay leaf. Binding all those perfumes together was the appetizing fragrance of



seafood fresh from the Gulf of Mexico. Jangling bells on the pinball machine notwithstanding, the old taste buds quivered and the mouth watered.

After studying the menu seeking clues to the nature of the dishes, I asked the waitress for an elaboration. She obligingly pulled out a chair, cozily plopped herself down and started to explain things to me. I learned that when trout is listed it means speckled trout, a salt water fish. I learned that the seafood platter includes this trout, plus oysters, shrimp, a crabmeat patty and frog legs. I learned that stuffed shrimp and stuffed oyster mean that those items are molded inside a crabmeat dressing and then deep fried. Stuffed flounder? It's stuffed with crabmeat.

The seafood gumbo at Bruning's is



special, the waitress explained, because they use the meat of the hard-shell crab with shrimp, okra, tomato and a roux, but without the filé powder. Also, their softshell crab is fried in a batter with cornmeal flour rather than plain cornmeal, so that the resulting dish has a smooth crust.

"Stuffed flounder is the big deal tonight," she advised. "And they're all good 1½-pounders, you can bet. If they were less, I'd warn you."

In the style common to that country, oysters are served only in cocktails, for they are shucked at the dock on arrival. But the shuckers are careful to catch the salty juice and send it along to moisten and flavor the dish. From long habit, I began to confect a sauce from horseradish, ketchup, lemon, Tabasco and Worcestershire, but I noticed that the weatherbeaten old-timers around me were chomping them down undressed or at most with a drop of lemon. I tried their way and discovered that oysters just taken from the sea need no garnish.

During winter months when freshwater crawfish teem in the bayous and swamps, waitresses spread newspapers on tabletops and diners make a glorious mess of peeling boiled crawfish by hand and cracking boiled crabs with knife handles. (Despite the informality of these South Louisiana spots, city and state officials maintain rigid sanitary standards.)

From the city, I drove the loop through bayou country from New Orleans west on U.S. 90 beside the Bayou Teche to Lafayette, then east



across the Atchafalaya Swamp on I-10 to Baton Rouge and south on State Highway 1 along Bayou Lafourche back toward New Orleans.

When mealtime rolled around, I had learned not to disdain unpromising little establishments that, on unembellished wooden counter tops, serve dishes of crabs, snapper, shrimp, oysters and crawfish worthy of the best restaurants in the Creole City.

Just 12 miles west of the city lies Mosca's, with about as drab an exterior as a backwoods fishing camp. But the most famous gastronomes, native and visiting, regularly call at Mosca's to pay tribute to the artful marriage of Italian and bayou cuisine.

At midday on my peregrinations, I often stopped at dilapidated country grocery stores that had posted hand-lettered signs reading "*Boudin chaud* — Hot Boudin." Every store had its own version of what is basically a sausage skin stuffed with rice and shredded pork shoulder flavored with whatever spice and herb the cook happens to have around. If the light hanging outside the town bakery was on, it meant a fresh batch of bread had just left the oven. A split loaf made a snug nest for a length of hot boudin and the whole was to a hot dog as Raquel Welch is to a warthog.

At St. Martinville (just a short detour off U.S. 90 and worth it as the heart of Evangeline country), Hebert's place served me a rich seafood gumbo that the great French chef Escoffier would have traded all his recipes for.

The peak dining on that loop through bayou country came at Breaux Bridge and Henderson, small towns beside I-10 at the western edge of the Atchafalaya Swamp. By act of the Louisiana legislature, Breaux Bridge is the "crawfish capital of the world" and every other year it throws a riotous crawfish festival. Henderson has almost as many regionally famous restaurants as it has dwellings.

The two towns are architecturally unimpressive, to put it mildly, but behind the modest facade of a dozen or more restaurants lurk cooks of formidable powers. The glamor stars of the area are Robin's and Pat's, both superb establishments. But less opulent shops offer crawfish and other seafood dishes that compete fearlessly with the big boys.

As I passed within a half mile of Bucktown on my way back to the city, I was tempted to dash over to see if Fitzgerald's and Willie G's, unprepossessing eating places next door to Bruning's, were as good as the waitress at Bruning's had said they were. How's that for a display of confidence in her own house's competitive virtues? □



illustrations by
Raymond F. Houlihan



by Mary Margaret Kern

The Golf Ball Dr

OCCASIONALLY you learn something important from the smallest thing. I learned from — a golf ball. Oh, I wasn't a golfer, not when this happened. I was 10 years old and my golf ball, way back then, was what a frisbee is today and a hula hoop was yesterday — a fun toy to play with. During that period of my love affair with my golf ball, I usually carried it around with me. I was absolutely hooked on bouncing it wherever I went.

That was the year when, during spring vacation, my physician father, my mother and I drove to Washington, D.C. Right off, when we were leaving home, Mother noticed the bulge in my pocket. "What are you taking along this time?" she asked in

that tactful way parents have. Her fingers went after my neck, trying to straighten the shoulders of my new blue jacket to adjust for my sagging pocket.

I squirmed out of her reach. "It's my golf ball."

"Golf ball? I hope you aren't using one of those expensive balls your father bought recently."

As we drove off, I scrunched down in the back seat of the car. I didn't understand why Mother was carrying on so. She knew about my golf ball. I'd had it for weeks while I played games with myself, trying to see how long at a time I could bounce it. Drop the ball. Open my hand. Give the ball a good slap when it bounced up at me. Keep slapping it. Keep it bouncing.



eam

Sometimes
it's not so
important what
you set
your sights on,
just so you set
them

I'd gotten to 300 once.

Now I had this dream of bouncing my golf ball 500 times without stopping.

I had lots of other dreams too. Like resigning from our family's clean-plate club and never eating anything I didn't like ever again. And never buying any more boots "a little too big" so there would be room to grow into them. And marrying someone rich, that is if I didn't succeed as a best-selling lady novelist; then I wouldn't want to marry.

However, these dreams were for When I Grew Up. I needed some for now. The golf ball dream was one I could maybe make come true.

There were problems, since, as Mother suspected, I had tried to borrow one of the new sparkly white golf balls from Dad's bag. He asked for it back. Oh, he was nice about it, with all those practical reasons parents have: It was a special type; he was getting 200-yard drives with it; it made him feel better.

I didn't feel better about the scroungy grass-stained ball he gave me, one he'd found in the rough on the fifth hole. Still, it would bounce. How it would bounce! I forgave him when I discovered that.

The biggest problem was where to bounce it. The obvious place was the walk in front of our house. I tried it. 1-2-3. 25-26-27. Oops! Start over. The walk was grainy. There were also bumps in it. It was toe-stubbing when I went barefoot.

"How come those crazy bumps in

our front walk?" I asked Mother.

"Poplars," Mother said. "Originally the street was lined with young poplars. The roots spread and humped up the street and sidewalk. They cut the trees down and repaired the street but not the walk."

I gave up on our sidewalk, but I kept looking. I noticed when I went downtown with mother that the sidewalk in front of Loeb's Department Store was new. I ran my sandals over it. Not grainy. White, not gray.

I waited outside the store while Mother shopped. My golf ball bounced fine. 1-2-3. 19-20-21.

"Pardon me," said a lady. I moved away from the store door, grasped the ball firmly again and started over. 1-2-3. 31-32-33.

An arm brushed my arm. I scrambled to keep the ball from rolling into the street. The man-in-a-hurry with the brushing arm was half a block away already.

"Ha! Got you that time!" Now some twerpy boy thought it was fun to bump my elbow.

First poplars, then people, I thought. What else can get in the way?

Obviously, parents.

On our trip to Washington, it was especially parents. We took our time driving from Indiana to D.C. and we stayed in two hotels on the way. I experimented with my ball on the sidewalks in front of both of them. My parents were always hurrying me. "Come on. We haven't got all day."

Phooey, I thought. I could just as





well have left my golf ball at home.

It wasn't any better when we arrived in Washington. My parents continued rushing me from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial to the White House.

Part of the time my golf ball just kept on sagging in my jacket pocket. Other times I didn't take it with me on sightseeing trips.

Good-bye dream.

Luckily dreams don't die that easily. On our last day in Washington, I dug my golf ball out of my suitcase.

"You never give up, do you?" remarked Mother, noticing the bulge again. Still, her smile was friendly. I was feeling a little sorry for myself. Maybe she felt a little sorry for me, too.

We were going to the Library of Congress.

"I can't wait to see if I can find a rare old book on medicine I read about," said my dad.

"I plan to enjoy the beauty of the

building," said my mother.

"I—" What could I say? What was so great about a library? I'd seen the one at home and I wasn't impressed.

I tagged up the main entrance steps to the Library of Congress behind Mother and Dad. When they exclaimed over the heavy bronze doors, I looked the other way.

We stepped inside a vestibule. I couldn't help looking around and — all that white marble and gold got to me. I perked up. It was better than the library at home.

We entered the main hall. I craned my neck. The multicolored ceiling was way up there as if it were working on catching a star. All around the hall were marble arches, plus two shiny white marble staircases on either side. And holding down the newel post of each of the stairs was the bronze figure of a tall, skinny lady clutching a torch.

Mother headed for one of the figures, clucking how gorgeous it was. Dad headed through an arch, looking for books.

I was left standing there. Finally I looked down, not up. At the most marvelous floor I'd ever seen. An all-marble mixture, darkish in tone. Oh, there was also an inlaid brass sun in the center of the hall and patterns of red and yellow marble around that made me blink — but I wasn't interested in them. I reached down and touched the floor. Cool, like running water. Smooth, like stones you find at the beach. My eyes went wide.

Though a small flurry of people

had walked in the library with us, for the moment the big hall was almost empty. I felt completely alone. I moved over a little to have as large an area free as possible.

My hand went to my pocket. I looked at the golf ball in my palm. My heart was beating fast. I almost felt as though I should talk to my ball. Tell it what a chance this was.

I began to bounce it. No one was paying any attention. 1-2-3. The ball felt different to my fingers than it ever had. Or, did I imagine it? I kept my rhythm. 100! My heart skipped a beat. I leaned over to be closer to the ball. If it bounced too high I had more chance of missing. 200! The floor was cooperating. It seemed alive. 300! I started to tremble. Excitement was running through me like a river. 400! I kept on — and then was aware Mother had walked up. My heart jumped. No! Not now! Hurry! Hurry! But she wasn't saying anything.

I was counting quietly to myself. 471-472-473. Energy coursed through me. I was no longer trembling. My hand was firm. 497-498-499.

500! I shouted it. A lady passing by looked my way. A man smiled questioningly.

"I did it! I did it!" I cried to Mother. "I bounced 500 times without stopping."

"Good for you," Mother said. "I guess it wasn't such a silly idea as I thought. It shows that it pays to keep trying. It makes me remember one time when I —" She broke off. A faraway look came into her eyes.

I was surprised at her words. Mother on my side? Mother having dreams, like me? It didn't seem possible.

I looked at my ball, cradled in my hand. Until a few minutes ago it hadn't seemed possible that I would make my dream come true, either.

I slipped the ball into my pocket. It made it sag, as usual. Mother shook herself out of her thoughts. Almost automatically she reached over to straighten my jacket. This time I didn't pull away. □





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



LOWELL INN STILLWATER, MINNESOTA

The serene beauty of this inn is an invitation to relax overnight, or longer, and enjoy the hospitality of Maureen and Arthur Palmer, the owners. Lunch and dinner are served daily by reservation. It is at 102 North Second Street in downtown Stillwater. Among the unusual items on the menu is soup with a legend. According to the story, Pope Clement V moved from Rome to France in the 15th century, where he was served a hot, nourishing soup made by a winemaker's daughter. So impressed was he that he installed the lady in the papal kitchens hoping to learn the soup's seasoning secret.

Soup Romaine (Bisque du Pape)

- 4 quarts rich chicken stock
- 3 tablespoons chicken base

BEGUE'S RESTAURANT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Rated by visitors and food critics as one of the better restaurants in a city noted for excellent food, this charming restaurant's best advertising is its steady clientele. It is in the Royal Sonesta Hotel in the heart of the French Quarter, two blocks from Canal Street at the corner of Bourbon and Bienville streets. Continental cuisine, Gulf seafoods and Creole specialties are featured. It is open year-round for lunch and dinner by reservation. The hotel's wrought iron balconies overlook the picturesque activities of the French Quarter. A swimming pool in the inner court is open to hotel guests.

- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 2 cups chicken fat
- 2 cups diced celery
- 1 cup diced onion
- 1 cup diced leeks
- 6 garlic cloves, minced
- 1½ cups flour
- 2 to 3½ tablespoons curry powder, to taste
- 1 pound fresh spinach
- 2 cups finely diced raw, fresh mushrooms
- Champagne, optional

Heat chicken stock with chicken base and pepper and allow just to simmer. Melt chicken fat in large skillet. Add celery, onion, leeks and garlic and cook until very tender. Turn into large mixer bowl, beat until smooth, then gradually beat in flour. Return to skillet and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Stir mixture into chicken stock and simmer until right consistency. Season to taste with curry powder. At serving time, parboil spinach in water with 1 teaspoon soda for 2 minutes. Drain and chop. Add to soup with mushrooms. Add 2 tablespoons champagne to each bowl. Serves 10 to 12.

Quail in Clay Pot

- 2 quail (see note below)
- 3 strips bacon, diced
- 5 mushrooms, diced
- 4 small boiled white onions
- ½ cup red wine
- 1 cup brown sauce

Sauté the quail until brown; place in clay pot. Sauté bacon until almost crisp. Add mushrooms and sauté. Add onions and sauté. Place in pot, then add wine and brown sauce. Bake at 375° for 25 minutes. Serve with wild rice. Serves 1.
Note: Frozen quail packed 4 to the box are available in many frozen food cabinets or from Starr Geddings, Manchester Farms, Dalzell, South Carolina 29040. These are farm-raised, government-inspected and shipped anywhere in the United States.



NICK'S FISHMARKET HONOLULU, HAWAII

Once you have sampled the fare in this restaurant in the Waikiki Gateway Hotel at 2070 Kalakaua Avenue and returned to the mainland, you won't have to wait for a return trip to the islands to enjoy the cuisine. After the success of this restaurant, which he had opened in 1968, Nick Nicholas decided to branch out. In 1975 he opened a Nick's Fishmarket in Beverly Hills, California, and still another in Chicago in 1977. Open for dinner year-round by reservations. The menu features Continental dishes and excellent fresh seafoods.

Fishmarket Fish with Dill Sauce

- 2 pounds catfish or haddock filets
- Seasoned flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup vegetable oil
- Dill Sauce (recipe below)

Dust fish filets with seasoned flour. Dip in eggs, then again in flour. Heat oil to 375°, add fish and sauté until golden on both sides, 7 to 10 minutes. Remove to heated platter. Spoon Dill Sauce over fish and garnish with lemon wedges and parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

Dill Sauce: Heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped dill and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup basic Brown Sauce seasoned with 1 teaspoon soy sauce. Cook and stir until heated through.

PIERRE'S RESTAURANT AND CATHLAMET HOTEL CATHLAMET, WASHINGTON

Travelers making their way along the north shore of the Columbia River are apt to be surprised to find an imposing two-story hotel in this tiny town. They are then amazed at the quality and service at the next door restaurant where fresh-caught salmon from the river and Continental cuisine are the specialties. This is a family affair designed and operated by Pierre Pype, a former Chicago advertising man; his wife, Claire, and their 10 children. The Pypes journeyed west in 1974, renovated the 12-room hotel that was built in the 1920s and converted an 1886 settler's home into the restaurant. Open for dinner by reservation Wednesday through Sun-

day. Closest main highway is State Route 4 about 28 miles west of Interstate 5.

Pierre's Stroganoff

- 1 heaping tablespoon butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup thinly sliced onion
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine
- 1 teaspoon beef base or 1 beef bouillon cube
- 2 pounds sliced or cubed lean beef (tenderloin or top sirloin)
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup sour cream

Melt butter in skillet, add onions and sauté until tender. Add mushrooms and sauté until tender. Add wine and beef base; simmer 3 minutes. In another pan brown meat, then season to taste with salt and pepper. Add onions and mushrooms to meat, mix well, then stir in sour cream. Heat but do not boil and serve immediately with noodles or rice. Serves 6 to 8.



Was Wright Right?

*You knew what would happen
to poor us,
When you wrote of old songs
and their chorus.*

That Says It All!

This is a long-delayed note of appreciation for your good little magazine. In my job as a tour escort, I am always on the lookout for interesting facts about towns and find something of value in every issue of *Ford Times*. I love

Tale of Two Bills

Leland May's article "How to Survive a Long Trip with Kids" (August 1979 *Ford Times*) was interesting, but not totally accurate. Mr. May wrote: "Not only does the map supply presidents, but it has its share of other fa-

*Reinstalled in our brains
were repetitive refrains.
Do you think what you did
was Wright, Morris?*

Byron Fish

Seattle, Washington

Editor's note: A story by Wright Morris on recollecting old songs, in our June issue, stirred considerable nostalgia among readers. Mr. Fish, one of our long-time free-lancers, expressed his feelings via a limerick.

my 1978 Fairmont, which replaced my 1970 Galaxie, and I have several volumes of the *Ford Times* cookbook. What more can I say?

Grace F. Tener

Noblesville, Indiana

mous personages: . . . Cody, as in Wild Bill . . ." Not true! William F. Cody was known as "Buffalo Bill." James B. Hickock was known as "Wild Bill." I wanted to set the record straight.

W. O. Strawn

DeKalb, Illinois

Two Are Better Than One

Since we are a 100 percent Ford family, I thought I'd drop you a note with a photo of two of our three Fords. We



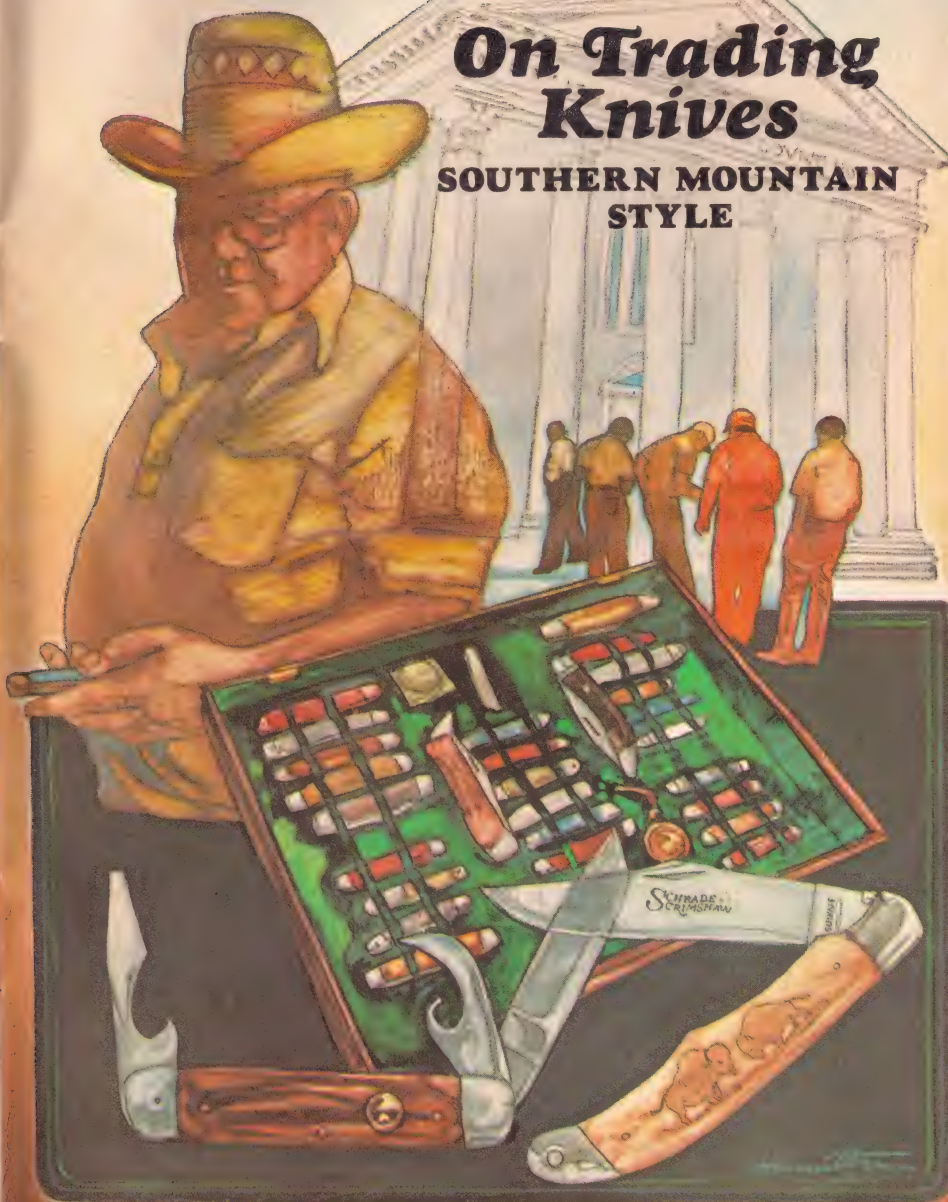
bought our first Pinto Cruising Wagon in 1977 because, after considering the whole market, it was the car that most met our needs — and was classy as well. We have an arts and crafts shop, Parsonage Arts, and travel approximately 20,000 miles a year in connection with our business. We were so satisfied with our 1977 model that we bought a new one in 1979 with about all the options available.

Jerry Cowger

Waterloo, Iowa

On Trading Knives

SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN
STYLE



by Sandra Picklesimer Aldrich
illustrations by Marcus Hamilton

MOST MEN from "the hills" carry pocket knives. Put two of them together and they soon will be inspecting each other's knife and, most likely, even offering to trade. But such an age-old act is bound by good manners and ritual. After all, one doesn't begin a conversation with "Howdy. You wanna trade knives?"

Instead they will begin with comments on the weather or the coming election. Meanwhile one man will be whittling on a stick (preferably of cedar) or cleaning his fingernails with the smallest blade. Soon the other man will discover a string which needs

trimming on his overalls and will haul out his knife.

The scene is set. Each may now comment on the other's knife and even offer to show the ones in the car or "back at the house." Only at a knife show or flea-market are the wares spread out while the seller calls, "Come on over here, son. I've got just the one you need."

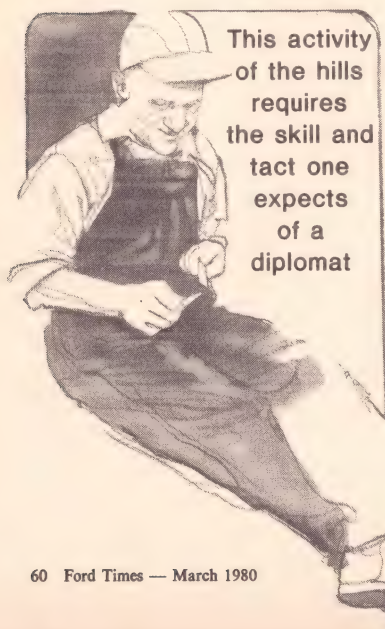
The court house steps are the most popular trading places — especially on Saturday mornings. While the women do the family shopping, the men are examining every type of knife imaginable.

Of course, the man who is thinking about buying a knife wants to test the blade. If a cedar whittling stick isn't available, he will cut a tiny piece out of the closest wood — a bench or utility pole.

There's a court house in Kentucky that had so much damage done to the utility poles by men testing knives that the city council had to put chicken wire around them to protect them.

The knives can be sold or traded, but rules govern the conduct of both seller and buyer. A major rule which must be followed is to return the knife exactly the way it was presented. If, for example, the seller hands a man an open knife, it is to be returned the same way — open. To close the knife before returning it symbolizes mistrust.

The seller is also honor bound not to cheat an uninformed buyer. (Stated in the vernacular the rule is "Don't



fleece a sucker.") The Golden Rule is to be applied even here. Thus, if the knife has new handles or a re-pinned blade, the seller is to offer that information as he quotes the price: "The handle is authentic bone, but since I had to re-pin the blades, I'm asking only \$16."

Such a tactic also prevents the buyer from counter-offering with an outrageously lower price. Had he noticed the re-pinned blades first, he could rightfully respond with "Well, that beats me how you can ask \$16 for a knife that ain't authentic." But because of the seller's honesty, the buyer doesn't have that option. Now if he wants to counter, he might respond with a "Well, I was thinkin' more in the range of \$14."

Another unwritten rule is that the buyer is never to ask a man to price his knife in dollars and then offer to trade him "tin cans" (junk) instead of handing over the money. The "tin can" offering might be a box of knives in need of repair, or tools that the would-be trader hopes to unload.

Of course, if the seller has not named a price then it presents no problem for the buyer to say, for example, "I've got a Tennessee knock-down that I'd be willin' to trade fer yours." The knowledgeable buyer would have already picked up verbal clues as to whether or not the seller would be interested in such a trade. Thus not only does the buyer have to know his knives, but he must listen to the almost casual comments that the seller makes.

"Yes, sir, there ain't nothin' like a genuine stag Case. Those new thangs ain't worth handlin'." From that statement the buyer knows that the seller will not accept a new knife in trade — not even a Schrade Scrimshaw with the beautifully carved picture of the buffalo on the handle. The buyer also knows that the man will trade his Case knife for nothing but another Case.

On the surface, trading a Case for another Case sounds simple, but one must know how to respond when the "dot" question is asked.

"Well, I might be willin' to trade. How many dots on yours?"

The would-be trader pulls out his knife and opens it to show the base of the blade. There is a relationship between the number of dots and the year of manufacture.

Thus if the markings read "Case XX, U.S.A.....," it denotes a 1970 knife.

The knife handle alone will often determine the type of trading. "Genuine Stag" is made out of horn, while a "bone handle" can be from any animal bone, even from the shin. The bone handles can be off-white or dyed black or various shades of brown. Some of the desirable new handles are bright plastic — such as the multi-colored and gold-flecked "Christmas Tree" handle. But with either a popular handle or blade, the value of the knife still depends upon the skill of the trader.

"Well now, I don't know if I can go that high."



"Tell ya what — How 'bout you given' me \$16 for the knife and I'll throw in this here beagle pup."

Of course, the seller doesn't mention that he's been trying to sell the pup for only \$2 all morning.

Some of the deals are fairly simple — such as trading a "Hen/Rooster" (blades decorated with a picture of the fowl) for three Eye brands (a German brand which has one blade

marked with a picture of a human eye. See how easy this is becoming?) Other times the deals can be very complicated.

One trader has owned the same knife four different times and has made a total profit of \$15 on it. But when he first started, he wasn't so lucky. He had purchased 10 broken knives for \$30 and then traded those for a hunting knife. During his next

trip to Harlan, Kentucky, he traded the hunting knife for a new K-bar Trapper brand. Within 10 minutes, he had traded that knife for an Eye brand and gave a dollar to boot. When he returned home, his brother-in-law talked him out of the Eye knife. After that, the would-be trader bought the book *Price Guide on Pocket Knives* and began his earnest study. Last I heard, he is one of the best traders in the area — so they say.

The traders have very good memories. Let one of them get cheated and they pass the word.

"I'll be switched before I'll deal with that son-of-a-gun again" is one of the mildest oaths one might hear concerning a cheater. Any man who later travels with the "son-of-a-gun" is also suspect.

"Sorry, feller, but I don't trade with friends of his."

"Shoot fire, man, I only rode into town with 'im!"

"That don't make me no never mind. You're still with him."

Why do they trade knives? For the same reason that other people collect antiques or stamps. There is the desire to own something of value (and some of the knives *are* worth hundreds of dollars) while relishing the challenge of "makin' a smart trade." Most of the traders have favorite "swappin' stories."

"The best one I ever pulled was the time I bought that box of auction junk for \$3. I sold all of the tools for \$18, plus I found a knife in the bottom that I traded off and got \$20 to boot . . ."

Others have favorite stories to explain why they won't trade a particular knife. Carl Fields always made sure that his tired wife Eunie was present to give credence to his long-winded stories.

"I was carryin' this very knife when we was in the Pacific in '43 . . ."

At this point the listener had only two choices — to come up with a quick reason to have to go home or to listen politely. By the time the decision was made, Carl was already deep into his story.

"So thar I was, with nothin' but my pocket knife — and that poor sailor boy needin' his appendix taken out. Ain't that so, Eunie?"

"Yah, Carl, that's so."

"Well, sir, I could see that it was up to me, so I told the boy to bite down on my last bullet . . ."

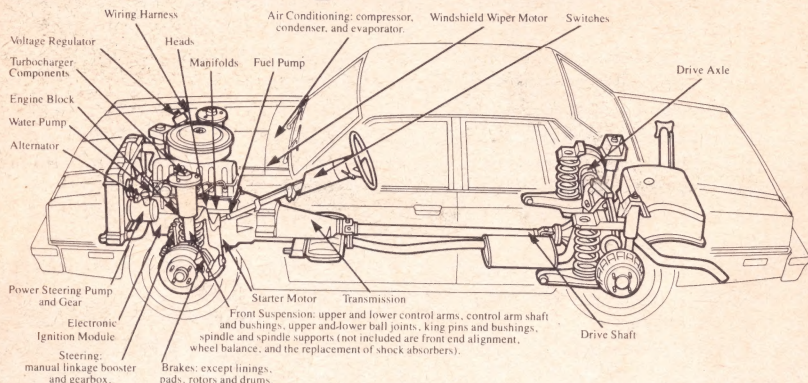
To express doubt in the story in front of Mrs. Fields just wouldn't be proper, so the listener was trapped into hearing how Carl had saved the young man's life, and had sewn him up with a thread out of his torn overalls. Carl's stories always had a moral, but his wife always had the last word.

". . . Yes, sir, that's just what happened. And that's why I'm never without this here knife. Ain't that so, Eunie?"

"Yah, Carl, that's so."

By then, more wives would be arriving from their errands and the men could drift away. But the next Saturday will find them on the court house steps, whittling on a red cedar stick and waiting for more knife tradin'. □

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The option that could pay for itself.



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